THE MURDER OF A FAIRY

By Dick Donovan.

I.

Senorina Veronica Tostilini was the fairy queen and premiere danseuese in the pantomime at the Great Novelty Theater, London. Mademoiselle was an Italian, and had come over to England with her parents, who set out for London as for El Dorado. Signor Tostilini at once commenced business as an itinerant ice-cream vender, and his wife supplemented the income by grinding an organ, which she wheeled about on a hand-cart. Veronica was then an infant, and her early years were passed in a basket, attached to the hand-cart on which the organ was placed. Here, in fair weather and foul, she slept or whimpered, as the case might be, for sometimes fourteen and fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. The remaining hours of the day were passed with her parents in the squalid fœtedness of a den on Saffron hill. In spite of these disadvantages, of London grime and fog, of the squalor and misery of her home, she grew in beauty, and when she was about ten or eleven her parents clothed her in a picturesque Italian garb and sent her forth to sell flowers in the London streets, and she took up her station on the pavement of the Royal Exchange. Her supernatural grace, her undoubted good looks and her symmetrical figure attracted a great deal of attention, and for a time she drove a thriving trade. Her competitors, however, the typical London flower girls, who are at once the most foul-mouthed and unpicturesque creatures to be found in all Europe, became jealous of her, and they led her such a life, and were so unkind and cruel, that often and often poor little forlorn Veronica returned to her wretched home weeping bitterly, and as often did she refuse to go out again to sell her flowers. But then her father thrashed her with a strap, for he could not bear the idea of losing the money she was in the habit of bringing home, and she had to go forth once more to bear the jeers, the taunts and the ill-usage of her jealous competitors.

Thus her life was passed until she was about thirteen. It was a bitter life—a life of the London streets, a life in which she had to hold her own against long odds; a life in which she experienced no sympathy, no tenderness; a life that was hard, terrible and bitter. Her parents regarded her as a money-getting medium, and nothing else. If she failed to get money they thrashed her and drove her from the house, threatening her with dreadful consequences unless she procured the money for which they craved; for money was their aim, their creed, their God. When the girl was about thirteen she was far in advance of her years. She ought still to have been a child, but instead of that she was a woman, who had come to look upon existence as a terrible sort of thing, and she often wondered why God had made her. But at last a change came. It chanced one day that an Italian ballet-master noticed her. He was in London on business in connection with his calling, and, being struck with her beauty and her grace as she stood in a drizzling rain offering her flowers to the passers-by, he accosted her, and asked her if she would like to learn to dance—if she would like to go to Italy and be trained for the theater? The question seemed to her to open up the prospects of heaven, and with an eagerness begotten by the unutterable misery of her position, she said she would go anywhere, do anything, so long as she could get away from London. The man who had spoken to her was the well-known ballet master, Signor Pelligrini Egero, who was then attached to La Scala in Milan. He suggested that he should see her parents, but with a passionate appeal she requested him not to do so, but to take her away at once.

As he probably thought that this course would very considerably simplify matters, as well as save expense, for he was too shrewd to suppose her people would let her go unless they were well paid, he told her that in a few days' time he would be returning to Italy, and would take her with him. In the meantime she was to say nothing to any one of what she was going to do, and at a certain hour on a certain evening she was to meet him at Ludgate Hill railway station, and proceed to Paris by the night train. The arrangement was duly carried out, and Veronica entered upon a new phase of existence.

When she failed to return home, as was her wont, her parents were filled with anxiety, for she had been very profitable to them; and their sordid instincts far outweighed parental affection. Indeed, it may be doubted whether they bore her any affection at all. It was the money they thought of, and when several days had passed and she had not returned, they went to the police-station and expressed a fear that she had either been decoyed away, or something dreadful had happened to her. Of course, an attempt was made by the police to trace her, but nothing came of it, and in the course of a month or two her parents probably came to the conclusion that she was lost to them forever.

II.

Several years elapsed. Signorina Tostolini had become famous as a ballet dancer, and was known almost throughout Europe; not only was she celebrated as a dancer, but as a beauty. Dark as night, with perfect teeth, an olive complexion, a wealth of blue-black hair, lustrous eyes with deep heavy lashes, and a faultless figure, she made slaves of men wherever she went. By this time her parents were both dead. They had never done anything to beget her love, and possibly she experienced no regret when she learned that she was an orphan.

At last she returned to London, where she had known so much misery and suffering. But now she came as a person of importance. She was no longer poor, for she kept her maid, rode in a carriage and occupied "swell" apartments in the West End of London. She was engaged as principal dancer at the great Novelty Theater, which had gained a European reputation for its spectacular productions, and it was said that Signorina Tostolini was enabled to command a salary of £150 a week. This could hardly be regarded as an extravagant remuneration in view of the attraction she proved to be. She became the rage of London. Her beauty turned the heads of all the dudes in the Great Babylon, and the press was unanimous in declaring that she was one of the most expert and remarkable dancers that had ever been seen in the British metropolis. She continued at the theater for several seasons, and at the time the startling incident happened that I am about to relate she was performing in a grand spectacular pantomime that was attracting all London to witness it. In this pantomime Signorina Tostilini seemed to have surpassed all her previous efforts, and her admirers raved about her. The homage she received many a real queen might have envied; while men with more money than brains were so electrified by her exquisite grace and beauty that they would have laid their fortunes at her feet. But she was a coquette. She had been educated in the hard school of the London streets; she knew something of the hollowness of human nature and the inborn deceit of the human heart, and while she showed no particular favor to any one, she feathered all who had long purses, and it was whispered that she was growing wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

It goes without saying that none of those who now regarded her as little short of a divinity were aware of her origin. They did not know that in her babyhood she had been carried about on a hand-cart in company with an organ, and that later she had been a flower-hawker in the streets of London. And most of them, no doubt, were equally unaware that she had never had a day's schooling in her life, and could hardly write her own name. But she possessed, in a very eminent degree, the power of fascinating the opposite sex, and she used this power to her own advantage. Her life, poor thing, was a fever, and was destined to have a strange and startling end. One night, when the Christmas season was about half ended, she was not ready, as was her wont, to go on the stage to take part in the principal ballet. This caused considerable surprise, as she had never before been known to keep the stage waiting. The call-boy was dispatched with all speed to her dressing-room, and, having knocked and knocked without getting a reply, he opened the door and looked in, when, to his horror and amazement, he found her lying on her back on the floor, her limbs contorted, her face ghastly, and foam oozing from her lips. Forthwith he rushed down to the stage to tell the manager what he had seen, and when the manager hurried to the room he thought she must be in a fit, and as speedily as possible a doctor was procured; but a hasty examination showed him that she was not in a fit, but stone dead.

The audience were kept in ignorance of this fact, and when they roared and screamed for their favorite they were informed that Signorina Tostilini had been seized with sudden indisposition, and could not appear that evening. The following day, when the news spread of her death, the excitement was tremendous, and it was increased when the rumor ran that she had committed suicide by poisoning herself. People would not believe that this beautiful woman, who was said to be rich, and was surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could purchase, had put an end to her life. What was the motive that had prompted her to such a desperate act? Had she found life so bitter that in a sudden frenzy she had shuffled off the coil that bound her to mortal things? Sudden indeed it must have been, for she had already appeared in the opening scenes of the pantomime, and when she was found dead she was fully attired in the light, but gorgeous, costume in which she danced in the ballet scene; and the maid who dressed her asserted that the Signorina had sent her out of the room, saying she would be down on the stage in a few minutes.

A post-mortem examination was perforce held, with the result that it was proved beyond all doubt that poor Signorina Tostilini had died of prussic acid, and that the quantity she had taken was sufficient to have poisoned half a dozen people. The vehicle in which she had taken the poison was an egg flip made of sherry, which she was in the habit of having regularly every night.

III.

When the evidence was heard at the inquest, there was good reason to doubt that the girl had committed suicide, and rumors of foul play began to spread about. I received instructions to make an investigation; my first inquiries were directed to trying to discover if she had ever been known to express a wish to get rid of life. But without a single exception every one I questioned was emphatic in the statement that she was singularly cheerful and fond of life; and was in the habit of talking of the time when she would return to her native country, Italy, and build herself a grand house; for, though illiterate and uneducated, she had a great notion of posing as a person of wealth and position. I next endeavored to ascertain if she had purchased poison anywhere, but could get no evidence that she had done so. Then I asked myself, "Where did the poison come from that had destroyed her?" A thorough and minute search of all her things, her boxes, her jewel-cases, the pockets of her clothes, failed to discover a trace of poison of any description, and the more I examined into the matter the more convinced I became that Tostilini had not committed suicide, but had been murdered. When she had left the stage to change her costume for the great ballet scene she was exceptionally lively, for she had received a tremendous reception, and had had several magnificent bouquets thrown at her feet. Nothing that I could unearth in regard to her tended to make the theory of suicide in the last degree probable. Of course there was the possibility of accident, but the most careful inquiries failed to prove that prussic acid had ever been used in the theater for any purpose whatever. But even supposing that it had, by what strange concatenation of circumstances did such a quantity get into the unfortunate woman's room, and into her egg flip, which was her nightly drink? This decoction was always made up for her from new-laid eggs, which her maid brought daily, and the sherry used was part of a small stock she kept for the purpose in a cupboard in the dressing-room, and to which no one had access save the Signorina herself and her maid. An examination of the cupboard proved that there were six bottles of sherry with the seals unbroken, and the remains of a bottle that had been in use. This bottle contained about one-third of the original contents, and analysis failed to detect any poison in it. It was evident therefore the deadly drug had been put into the egg-flip, which was usually kept warm in a glazed earthenware pot, that stood on the hob of the fireplace. This pot still contained some of the flip, but it was free from poison. The prussic acid therefore had been put into the glass from which poor Signorina Tostilini had drank preparatory to descending to the stage to go through her arduous performance as the chief dancer in the ballet. The fatal draught must have been almost instantaneous in its effect, although it was clear she had suffered a spasm of agony as was evidenced by the contortion of her body. Such, then, were the facts in connection with this mysterious and extraordinary case. And every step of my investigation only served to confirm the opinion I had come to—that it was murder; cruel and revengeful murder, for no other motive save revenge would fit in as feasible. It was on these lines that I began to work; and though I was confronted with as strange a case as I had ever been called upon to unravel, I nevertheless had a strong hope that I should succeed in clearing the mystery up.

I need scarcely say, perhaps, that I was convinced in my own mind that the hand which had administered the deadly drug was the hand of some one employed in the theater. Now the theater was a very large one, and the employes during the pantomime season were numbered by hundreds. But it was reasonable to say that at least 90 per cent. of these could be left out of the calculation altogether. The margin was thus narrowed down. Nevertheless, at that stage of the inquiry it was an exceedingly difficult task to point to any individual as the probable criminal, and fully recognizing the difficulty, I proceeded with the greatest caution and secrecy, for I desired that the guilty person should for the time remain in fancied security, inasmuch as by believing himself secure he would probably relax his caution and by some careless act play into my hands.

Such a case as this was one which necessarily required a very great deal of tact and discrimination, to say nothing of patience and perseverance. Silently as the outraged law's avenger I went to work, and step by step I traced Signorina Tostilini's career backward to the time when she made her first appearance in London as an infant in the basket on the hand-barrow. I brought to light a secret which she had kept well, and that it was that while she was in Italy, and before she was twenty, she was married to an actor whom she met at La Scola. But he turned out a worthless scamp, and they separated a few months after marriage; and a little later he drove himself mad with drink, and had been confined in a lunatic asylum ever since. This marriage had no bearing upon the case, and I merely mention it as an interesting incident in connection with Tostilini's strange career.

Let it not be supposed that during all the time I was pursuing my inquiries that I lost sight of the possibility that the guilty hand was that of Tostilini's maid. This woman was a widow of about thirty years of age. Her husband had been a cornet-player, and had fulfilled engagements at various theaters in the metropolis. His wife—whose name was Jane Spalding—had also been connected with theaters nearly all her life, and had been in Tostilini's employ as a dresser and maid for a long time. I kept Spalding closely under surveillance, but learned nothing that justified my harboring suspicion against her. Indeed, she had everything to lose by the death of her mistress, who had been an exceptionally good friend to her, and for her to have killed this friend would have been to have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. As a matter of fact, Spalding was bowed down with grief, and her grief was genuine; of that I had no doubt. Although up to this point I had been unable to fix suspicion upon any particular person I did not swerve my belief that the guilty one had been employed in the theater on the night of the crime.

IV.

Three months had passed since Tostilini's death, and the pantomime company had dispersed, but still I did not relax my efforts to unravel the mystery and bring the crime home, and at last I got a clew.

In the employ of a firm of eminent drysalters who carried on business in one of the large towns of the Midlands, was a Mr. William Brinton, who traveled for the firm and periodically visited London. This gentleman had a married sister, whose name was Florence Arkwright. She was an actress, and was professionally known as Miss Lilly Florence, while her husband played under his own name of Spencer Arkwright. They were both engaged at the Great Novelty Theater during the run of the pantomime, and in the course of that period Mr. William Brinton had been in London, and had stayed with his sister and brother-in-law, who rented a house in Brompton. He had stayed there, furring the season, three or four times, and on each occasion he had among his drug samples in his sample case a small quanty of prussic acid. Now what was the inference to be drawn from this fact? A proportion of the fearful drug extracted each time from the samples would in the aggregate make up a large quantity, and a large quantity had been used to kill Tostilini. But who had used it for that wicked purpose? Not Brinton himself, for I was satisfied that he knew nothing of Signorina Tostilini, and had never spoken to her in his life. Upon two persons, therefore, my suspicions fell. Those two persons were Arkwright and his wife.

Now, in pursuing an inquiry of this nature, it was of the very first importance to a solution of the mystery that a motive for the crime should be approximately determined, and I turned my attention to endeavoring to find if the Arkwrights had a motive for killing the Fairy Queen of the Great Novelty pantomime. Arkwright, I should state, was a young and handsome man of about thirty-two or three, with a most seductive and attractive manner. On the other hand, his wife was a somewhat plain-looking woman and her husband's senior by three or four years. Possibly in her youth she had been attractive enough, but that day was passed, and she was passe if not base. I soon learned that the Arkwrights were an ill-matched pair. He was flighty and fond of female society, and his wife was madly jealous of him. Here, then, was what, on the face of it, seemed to be a very adequate motive for the crime; for assuming that Arkwright had carried on an intrigue with Signorina Tostilini the assumption that his wife had been spurred on to commit the crime by motives of fierce jealousy was the natural deduction. But I had yet to prove that there had been an intrigue, and I could get no evidence that such had been the case. Nevertheless, the various links that I had thus fitted in formed such a strong chain of circumstancial evidence against Mrs. Arkwright that I resolved not to lose sight of her. She had, in my mind, become the central figure of the grim tragedy, and that she had been enabled to possess herself of prussic acid from her brother's samples seemed pretty conclusive. Now, if she was the murderess the only motive, apparently, that she had for taking the unfortunate Italian's life was jealousy; and yet I could find no living soul who had ever seen anything between Arkwright and Tostilini that was suggestive of an intrigue. On the contrary, evidence was forthcoming that she did not like Arkwright, at least certain people stated that they heard her say so, but, of course, I did not attach any great weight to that. Nevertheless, I could not prove it was not true, and, at last, I decided on having an interview with Mrs. Arkwright, in order that I might, if possible, justify the suspicions entertained against her. I therefore called upon her one evening when her husband was out. She did not know me, and, for the nonce, I assumed the role of a theatrical manager who was anxious to engage her services. Having sustained a conversation for some time on theatrical matters, I suddenly and abruptly exclaimed:

"By the way, you were well acquainted with the late Signorina Tostilini, were you not?"

"Yes," she answered, with something like a sneer."

"What sort of a woman was she?"

"A snake," hissed Mrs. Arkwright with peculiar bitterness which to me had a strange significance.

"Indeed," I answered with apparent unconcern. "I thought she was a very charming woman."

"Did you? Well, you must have been misinformed. She was a devil."

"What makes you say that?"

"I have my reasons."

"What are your reasons?"

"Well, I don't know that I need state them to you. You are a stranger to me."

"Shall I make a guess at them?" I asked with a forced smile, as though I had no more than a passing concern in questioning her, and yet I felt that I was gradually tightening the law's grip about her.

"Oh, if you like," she said lightly, and with a toss of her head.

"You were jealous of her," I remarked, fixing my gaze upon her, and closely watching the workings of her face, which began unmistakably to show uneasiness.

"And if I were," she answered, "I had good cause to be so."

"Why?"

"Because she sought to win my husband from me." With this answer she gave herself completely away, and, rising up, and deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation, I said:

"Mrs. Arkwright, I have always thought Tostilini was murdered through motives of jealousy. It is evident that you were jealous of her, and the inference is that you murdered her, and you obtained the poison by abstracting it from your brother's sample case."

For a moment she looked as if she had been suddenly turned to stone. Her face was ghastly; her eyes were wild and restless, and she glanced nervously about like a hunted animal seeking for some means of escape from its pursuers. Crossing the room to where she stood I laid my hand lightly on her arm, saying gently:

"I am a detective, my name is Donovan, and I arrest you on suspicion of having poisoned Signorina Tostilini."

These words broke the spell that seemed to have fallen upon her, and, with a strange, almost unearthly, shriek, she reeled and fell heavily to the floor.

I obtained assistance and had her conveyed to the police station, but it very soon became evident that her reason had fled. In fact, she had become a dangerous and hopeless lunatic. As by the law of England such a person could not be put on trial, she was sent to an asylum, where for many years she was confined, suffering from acute mania. At last one day, eluding the vigilance of her keepers, she sprang over a hedge at the bottom of the recreation ground, rushed across a field and threw herself into a deep pond, where she was drowned before assistance could reach her.

Although, legally, the crime was never proved against her, no reasonable being could doubt she was a murderess, and there was a grim satisfaction in knowing that poor Tostilini's cruel death did not go unavenged.

American Meats in Belgium.

Washington Post.

Hon. Edwin H. Terrell, United States minister to Belgium, is stopping at the Riggs House. He was appointed from Texas, and was a resident of San Antonio, where his standing as a business man was first-class. "My official life has been quite a busy one," he said, "as there has been a number of important international conferences at Brussels, the one in relation to the African slave trade lasting nearly eight months. Belgium is very liberal in its dealings with the United States, there being no inhibition on any of our meat products. They used to have a very rigid quarantine against American cattle, however, keeping them confined for forty-five days at the expense of the shipper, which meant the total destruction of profits. After considerable negotiations I got the time reduced to three days, and the business being freed from the former embarrassments, is on a prosperous footing."

Plain Case of Heredity.

New York Morning Advertiser.

It is no wonder that so many American women are married to titled foreigners when one reflects that the primitive American savage was always a tuft-hunter. Thus history repeats itself.

READING FOR SUNDAY.

The Passing Years.

Are you rich in the years of bright gold
Yet untold?
Do they leisurely go,
Like a dream that is fair,
Or a prayer?
O be wise; use them well! You shall know
How the years growing shorter, with good can increase,
And a life at the end be transfigured with peace.

Does the thought that so few years remain
Give you pain?
O be glad that your quest
Brings you into the light,
From the night.
And the worker at last has his rest!
In the homeland above are no sorrows, no fears,
And the life they live there is not measured by years.

—Jewish Messenger.

International Sunday-School Lesson for Jan. 17, 1892.

OVERCOME WITH WINE. (Isaiah, xxviii, 1-13.)

Golden Text—Prov. xx, 1.

HOME READINGS.

M.—Overcome with wine.......Is. xxviii, 1-13.
Tu.—Wine forbidden to priests Lev. i, 1-10.
W.—The mocker.......Prov. xx, 1-11.
Th.—Folly of intemperance....Is. viii, 11-24.
F.—Paul's advice.......Eph. v, 14-21.
Sa.—Temperance.......II Pet. i, 1-10.
Su.—Warning.......Matt. xxiv, 45-51.

COMMENTS ON THE LESSON.

The Independent.

The one sin especially rebuked in this lesson is that of drunkenness. We may notice several facts about it.

It was with wine, the juice of the grape; it was not adulterated with drugs or poisons, but was pure. It is hard to put anything into liquors to adulterate them that is worse than the alcohol in them to begin with. The talk about impure, poisonous liquors is chiefly nonsense. The pure liquors are just as bad; they will make people drunk fast enough. Pure wine does not conduce to sobriety.

We often hear people say that there is little drunkenness in lands where they have plenty of wine. That is all nonsense. Palestine is proof of it, and this twenty-eighth chapter of Isaiah.

Besides the wine there was "strong drink," made, perhaps, of dates, but no more alcoholic, perhaps, and no more poisonous or injurious than the grape wine. Wines or beers can be made by fermenting any sweet juice, whether made of grapes, apples, or barley malt. Whether called wine, beer or cider, if drunk freely after fermentation, it is all intoxicating.

Those Jews who are so reproved for drunkenness did not have any distilled liquors—no whisky, rum, gin or brandy. It was their weak, undistilled liquors, only fermented, that did all this hurt. Not only the whisky saloon, but the beer-shop and wine-shop must go.

If the drinking of mild wines does such injury, it would be better to drink no wine. That is a lesson we have learned since Isaiah's time, and since Christ's time. Then good men drank wine moderately, and our Lord did the same. But the applications of our Lord's teaching have advanced since then. We now understand better than then the sin of slavery, or war. We understand better the place of woman. So we understand better the way to deal with intoxicating liquors. There is a progress and growth in the kingdom of heaven. What was right in Paul's time may not be right now. Now total abstinence is the right thing, not because our liquors are worse than those of the Jews, but because we understand better our duty to our neighbor.

Don't be angry at your teachers or parents for their constant reiterated instruction. Children need line on line, and so do older people, and they should not resent it.

Of all things let not the priest, the prophet, the magistrate, the Sunday-school teacher, drink liquors. That is a sad example, and will prevent judgment and instruction. And we may properly say the same of the use of tobacco. It is a filthy, injurious weed, and tobacco shortens the life of those that indulge in it.

Thoughts for the Day.

God is as deep, and long, and high as our little world of circumstances.—A. B. Simpson.

God always has an angel of help for those who are willing to do their duty.—Dr. Cuyler.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues.—Ruskin.

The best thing we can do for others is not always to take their load or do their duty for them.—J. R. Miller.

Perfect charity is no mask for willful misconduct. Perfect charity will condone and extenuate wrong-doing, but never sanction it.—Divine Life.

Faith in God is a deeper thing than the belief of a miracle, for it apprehends the nature of God and the presence of God—it seeth Him who is invisible.—Erskine.

A Brahmin said to a missionary, in India "We are beginning to find you Christians out. You are not as good as your book; if you were, the world would soon be converted."

Pious Philosophy.

Ram's Horn.

The Lord's side is never the whisky side.

More people fail from discouragement than from misfortune.

Finding fault with Mary was Martha's way of calling attention to her own industry.

There are so many folks who never get religion below the ears.

A fanatic is a man who takes a burning interest in something we don't like.

If gravestones told the truth, the devil would soon be walking on crutches.

Some people pray too much for themselves, and not enough for their neighbors.

Every time you find fault with a neighbor you are telling somebody that the man who wears your shoes is not as good as he ought to be.

There was weeping at the grave of Lazarus, but we don't know that there was a tear shed when Methusaleh was buried.

BERNHARDT'S WAY OF LIVING.

Plenty of Open-Air Exercise and Frequent Changes of Occupation.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Some one said that I do not take much exercise in open air. Please correct that statement. I take exercise continually. I live au grande air." From early morning in traveling madame is up, some days spending the entire day in hunting or driving, to get glimpses of new country, and walking.

"Plenty of fresh air! That gives vigor. Exercise! Walking out of doors in the sunshine invariably. There is no such thing as genuine health without it. But in travel, everywhere, even "at home," look out for draughts.

"With me goes everywhere a robe—during rehearsals, in driving, in sitting still, where the limbs are inactive they have to be covered. Women are not careful enough about their ankles. Gauze stockings, slippers, low shoes and the dress falling this way and that, they are sure to get cold. They cannot be too careful about draughts and covering warmly the ankles.

"And your countrymen say it is 'Teutonic' to do with as little soap and water as possible. Bah! The very first thing I do after returning at night from the theater is to take my bath.

"Before visits, before eating, before anything, at that hour I bathe. The maid has it in preparation, all. First goes as a covering over the tub a large white sheet; into that blood-warm water is poured. Small sachets containing finely grated soap in small quantities of bran or fine meal, perfumed with a little orris-root, are used in place of a sponge. They are covered with fine cheese-cloth, and when their contents filters into the water it gives it a milk-like whiteness, a delicious odor, and softens the skin like a baby's. Only a few moments in the bath, but morning and night. The first thing in the morning and late at night. When ready to step out, the maid has a "peignoir" ready, which is really a bath-robe made of crash toweling. This is heated and the body enveloped in it. Then gently rubbed to get up a friction of the skin.

"Sometimes at rehearsals I have a moist rub down with the following prescription, which is very refreshing: Tepid water, a small quantity of ammonia, borax, a dash of bay rum, and the whole sweetened with good cologne, sometimes violet, sometimes other things, so many essences are sent to me to try. It is a simple bath, but restful.

"Change is what constitutes rest, you see, my rest. I am never absolutely idle. If signs of ennui, fatigue appear, at one occupation, turn to some other. It is not necessary simply to do nothing in order to rest, but vary what you do. Change the subject of your thoughts; there is the secret.

"I never sleep in the daytime. One is sure to take cold in going out again. Will yourself to vary your thoughts, and by will and habit learn to sleep at once when the time comes. Napoleon could sleep at will always. It is simply will and habit, and if taken when needed is always refreshing.

"You see then the secret of endurance is carefulness and regularity, and the complete mastery of self; study that to know how much you can do, and through study you will be astonished to find how much you are able to do. But remember, vary your occupation, change completely your thoughts often. And look out for colds. Colds are insidious—treacherous—one can never count upon the end in a cold.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

O Sing Again.

O sing again! I hear and dream,
For thro' your magic voice there stream
The happy days that once were mine,
With tender hearts and love divine,
As full and rich and sweet in theme.

And in your soulful eyes agleam
With gentle womanhood supreme,
My fancies with your tones entwine—
O sing again!

Your song is ended, and I seem
To stand upon the world's extreme,
Grasping the tendrils of a vine,
Waiting for dawn to bring a sign,
And thro' my tears such visions teem,
O sing again.

—Richard Lew Dawson.

A Little Snatch of Song.

Just a little snatch of song,
Murmured in a hurrying throng;
But with its echo, mystic, clear,
Comes vista of a vanished year.

Was it a joy those soft tones brought
Or pang of haunting, tender thought?
What matter? Memory, hold it long—
Just a little snatch of song.

—Emma Carleton.

Remembering June.

What gain I in remembering June
When winter snowflakes flutter still
And noiseless 'gainst my window-pane,
To crowd and crouch against the sill!
When evening closes in o'ersoon,
And night, like to some swarthy Turk,
Swings high a scimitar new-moon,
Keen-edged and bright amidst the mirk!

What gain I remembering joy
When grief and I are comrades twain,
And sorrow sits beside my hearth
Grim nodding to her sister, pain!
When from the joyous world aflower
I seem estranged, as though it knew
That I had lived my happy hour
And said, "I laugh—but not for you."

What gain I in remembering! This—
That in spite of snow and storm-wind keen
I walk the summered woods again,
Made pink with perfumed eglantine.
I thrill again to sudden bliss,—
The rapture of the yet-to-be,—
And naught in life is much amiss
While this remembrance stays with me.

—Julia M. Lippman, in Travelers' Record.

The Gudewife.

My gudewife—she that is tae be—
O she sall seeme sang-sweete tae me
As her ain croon tuned wi' the chiel's
Or spinnin'-wheel's.
An' faire she'll be, an' saft, an' light,
An' muslin'-bright
As her spick apron, jimpy laced
The-round her waiste.—
Yet aye as rosy sall she bloome
Intil the roome
(The where alike baith bake an' dine)
As a full-fine
Ripe rose, lang rinset wi' the raine,
Sun-kist againe;
Sall seate me at her table-spread,
White as her bread.—
Where I, sae kissen her for *grace*,
Sall see her face
Smudged, yet aye sweeter, for the bit
O' floure on it,
Whiles, witless, she sall sip wi' me
Luve's tapmaist-bubblin' ecstasy.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in January Lippincott.

January.

Which of the merry months shall I praise?
Meadow birds, say!
Shall the April nights or the autumn days
Have place in my lay?
"Oh, the sun of the summer is golden and strong,
And the flowers of the summer shine fairly and long—
Sing thou to the summer the first of thy song,
As we sing on the spring."
No! no!
Meadow birds, no!
Mine is the month that is born in the snow.

May hath the bud, and the bee, and the dove,
And the sky of the summer is bluest above;
But the year's first month, she bringeth my love—
And her bridal day!
Say is it wrong
To keep crown and song
For the month that leadeth my lady along?

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Not All Are Glad.

Not every carol sounds a note of joy;
Some homes there are where every Christmas chime
Brings back an echo of sweet laughter stilled—
Not every heart is glad at Christmas-time.

When the gay jingle of the festive bells
Fills the chill air with music and with rhyme,
Some look and long with hollow, hungry eyes,
For suffering poor there are at Christmas-time.

Bright are the thoughts that hope and having bring,
Merry the laughter of lips in their prime;
But some have lost, and more may never have,
And many are alone and old at Christmas-time.

—Ada Nichols Man, in Harper's Weekly.

Two Truths.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you," and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world;
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried,
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet—
I knew it was that you forgot."

But all the same deep in her heart
Rankles this thought, and rankles yet—
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that one cannot forget."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

SOMETHING ABOUT CORDAGE.

Twine a Large Item of Expense in the Harvesting of the Wheat Crop.

New York Herald.

Few people are aware of the magnitude of the business done yearly by the corporation known as the Cordage Trust, whose main offices are located in this city. The history of this trust has been that of the "survival of the fittest." They have from time to time bought up and otherwise absorbed more than four-fifths of all the cordage-mills this side of the Rockies, until they have blossomed into what is practically a monopoly in their line of trade.

The National Cordage Company of the Atlantic slope does not, however, attempt to do business on the Pacific side of the Rockies. A cordage firm in San Francisco attends to all the "rope" business in that section. There is a sort of mutual agreement between the two concerns to keep off each other's territory. In this way there is, as it were, a double-action monopoly, of which the National Cordage Company takes the largest share.

The business of this latter concern is to make rope from one-half inch to six inches in diameter and binder twine. What is known as mercantile twine—cord for tying up bundles, etc.—is not manufactured by the trust. They consider "that sort of stuff," as they express it, a tinkering item in the cordage business.

In rope alone the aggregate yearly sales of the trust amount to upward of \$10,000,000. Their main attention, however, is devoted to the manufacture of binder-twine. This is a single strand of rope that is used by the farmers throughout the country for tying up their wheat-stacks. The farmers use for this purpose about \$15,000,000 worth of twine yearly.

The mills of the Cordage Trust are scattered throughout the country from Maine to Texas. They own several mills in Brooklyn, N. Y., and a dozen or more in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Their branch offices are to be found in almost every city of any size in the Union. Most of the raw material used by the trust in the manufacture of binder-twine comes from Yucatan. It is made from the fiber of a plant of the cactus species that grows there in great luxuriance. It is gathered and dried in Yucatan and shipped here in bales. It costs about four cents a pound. Manufactured binder twine is worth about eight cents. Most of the hemp used in the manufacture of rope come from the Philippine islands. The aggregate weight of the rope and "twine" used yearly in this country is something over one hundred thousand tons.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A debt of 3 cents which has been owed by a Philadelphia woman for forty years has just been paid.

The metal in a five-cent nickel piece is worth about half a cent, and 15 cents will purchase copper enough to make two dollars' worth of cents.

A hundred and twenty-seven years ago England seized the first eight bales of cotton raised in the South and declared its production should cease.

Fathom is from the old Aryan root fat, to extend, and denotes the distance from tip to tip when the arms of an average-sized man are fully extended.

Quill toothpicks came first of all from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of twenty million quills.

There are 169 confederate battle flags in the collection of war relics at Washington. Of these, twenty-eight separate regimental colors were captured after Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

In olden times, when every part of the body had its price, the beard was valued at 20 shillings—a large sum for the time—while the loss of a leg was only estimated at 12 shillings.

A peculiar mineral has been found in Montana. When taken from the ground it has much the appearance of iron-ore, but upon being exposed to the air it takes fire and consumes itself.

The Japanese believe in serpents eight hundred feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant; foxes with eight legs; monkeys with four ears; fishes with ten heads attached to one body, the flesh of which is a cure for boils.

At a recent family reunion in Missouri two unusually fat babies were proudly exhibited by their fond parents. The oldest, aged five years, weighs 107 pounds, and the youngest, aged two and one-half years, weighs ninety-three pounds.

A recent English invention is a buoyant life-saving seat for ships. It is intended for a deck seat, the upper and lower parts being made of buoyant material, so that if thrown into the water, the apparatus will support several people comfortably.

A remarkable family of eight old women is living in the same house at Vexo, Sweden. Three are widows and five are old maids. Their ages aggregate within a year or two of seven hundred years, each of the women being nearly ninety years of age.

A clothing company of Taunton, Mass., has received an order for a pair of trowsers 71½ inches waist, 29 inside seam, thigh 44, knee, 31, bottom 24, for a man who weighs 600, and he is only twenty years old at that. It will take three yards double width cloth to do the work.

Chamios-skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh sides of sheep-skins. The skins are soaked in lime water and in a solution of sulphuric acid, fish oil is poured over them and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. In the Crimea is found another kind of cat which has no tail. The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one-half the usual length, and very often it is tied by nature in a sort of knot which cannot be straightened out.

To distinguish genuine butter from oleomargarine the following test is recommended: Draw a knife through a piece of the questioned butter and separate the parts thus divided. If it ever saw the inside of a churn there will be watery exudations in the track of the knife.

The rapidity with which insects travel is astonishing. The common house-fly makes six hundred strokes per second when in the act of ordinary flight, that number of strokes causing an advance movement of twenty-five feet. Our best naturalists say that this can be increased seven-fold.

If a well could be dug to the depth of forty-six miles the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver. By the same law a cubic inch of air taken four thousand miles above the earth's surface would expand sufficiently to fill a sphere 2,000,000,000 miles in diameter.

In the group of the great rivers the St. Lawrence is the most remarkable. It constitutes by far the largest body of fresh water in the world. Including lakes and streams, the St. Lawrence covers about 73,000 square miles; the aggregate, it is estimated, represents not less than nine thousand solid miles of water.

In Dikoa, in Ademouah, in Logone and elsewhere, small cotton strips are the regular currency. In Bagirari these strips are so small that from 70 to 150 of them would have to be pieced together to make a shirt. In Darfoor, the gray, coarse shirting circulates as money, and in Tiout, in Upper Egypt, this material is dyed dark or blue, and then cut into pieces of three yards' length.

A father will sell his daughter among Unyamwazi, Africa, for one up to ten cows. A Lomali asks of a poor wooer from ten to twenty horses, of a wealthy one from one hundred upward, together with fifty camels and three hundred sheep. On the other hand, in Uganda, four oxen are sufficient to buy the most perfectly formed village belle, provided six needles and a box of cartridges are thrown in.

The late Colonel Burnaby says that when a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. She avoids those she dislikes and seeks to throw herself in the way of the object of her affections. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of her captor, who, dispensing with further ceremony, takes her to his tent.

NOT A BARREN WASTE.

Explorer Glave Says There Is Plenty of Fruit and Game in Alaska—The Climate Nice.

New York Press.

The latest and most interesting information from the interior of Alaska comes through E. J. Glave, who has just returned from his second expedition of 400 miles into the interior of that country, penetrating to a section that was never before explored by white men. Accompanied by Jack Dalton, Glave last March entered Alaska at the mouth of the Chilkat river and made his way, by the middle of June, to the region north of the Mount St. Elias range, where he found a beautiful, fertile country, abounding in red-top, timothy and other excellent grasses.

The climate was delightful, the thermometer ranging in the nineties during the summer months. Fruits and berries, such as rasp, goose and huckleberries, were abundant, and game was found in profusion. Moose, carribo bears, foxes, wolves, lynx, beavers, otter and squirrels are all killed by the "stick" Indians for their fur, which is conveyed to the coast and sold to the Hudson Bay Company and other traders.

It was Glave's object to prove the practicability of using pack-horses for transportation, as the Indians and dogs usually employed are unreliable. It had been said that it was impossible to use horses in Alaska, but Glave took four with him, had no difficulty whatever in making the journey, and found adequate nourishment for them all the time. The Indians, who had never seen horses before, called them "Harklane Retel," or big dogs, and followed them with wonder.

There are about one thousand miles of undecided boundary along this section, to settle which the government has decided to send a surveying expedition, and Glave's trip has opened up the path they will probably follow. The country thus in dispute is rich in gold, silver, copper and cinnabar, and has a sufficiency of timber, particularly spruce and tamarack, to build mills and bridges. With regard to transportation of skins, ore and other products by pack-horses, there are absolutely no insurmountable difficulties, according to Glave. Aside from the Mount St. Elias range there are no long mountain ranges. All the lakes and rivers can be crossed by horses. The widest rivers measure about half a mile. The channels change constantly, and late in the season the streams dry up and leave the river bed dotted with little pools that are fairly black with salmon.

Should a government expedition be organized during the coming year to continue the researches in the interest of science and the furtherance of the fur trade, Glave or Dalton will accompany it.

A Mistaken Estimate.

New York Press.

Clarissa—He kissed you, did he?

Ethel—Yes.

C.—Then you were mistaken in your estimate of him, after all.

E.—How so?

C.—Why, you said the other night that he was a man of excellent taste.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not to Be Sneezed At.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.
"Whom are you sneezing at, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze—a-chew!—" she said.

—Puck.

Of Course.

Puck.

"Wonder why they call 'em 'custom tailors?'"

"I reckon it's because custom doth breed a habit in a man."

A Natural Inference.

Kate Field's Washington.

Lightning-rod Agent—Hulloa, Bub! Do you think your father would like to have his house rodded?

Bub (with repressed sobs)—I shouldn't wonder. He's just rodded me.

Another Point of View.

Puck.

Miss Athenia Hubbs (before the Venus of Milo)—What symmetry! What beauty! What an ideal of loveliness!

Miss Bacon (Chicago)—And how sad to think that she should have to be a Dago.

Reminded of Home.

Puck.

"And now," said the Gotham host, as he rose from the dining-table; "will you step into the drawing-room and join the ladies?"

"With pleasure," responded the guest from New Orleans, "I always attend the drawings with great regularity."

Wanted a Graduate.

The Epoch.

Farmer Meddergrass—Be you a lawyer, sir?

Blackstone (with dignity)—I am practicing law, sir.

Meddergrass (moving away)—I thought mebbe you'd got the trade learned. I'll go to somebody else.

Knew Where to Find It.

Hotel Mail.

Smuggins—I believe, Mrs. Grubber, that I've lost my latch-key.

Landlady—Did you come in late last night, sir?

Smuggins—Well, yes, as I dined with some old friends.

Landlady (calling)—Bridget, bring me that latch-key in the street door.

Our Hapless Language.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Average (reading)—Professor Garner is going to Africa to study the language of monkeys.

Mr. Average—I am sorry to hear that. It won't be long before the scientists will be saying that all language is derived from monkeys, and then they'll be revising our dictionaries to give all our words the true original monkey pronunciation.

Little Dot's Wisdom.

Good News.

Little Dot—I know something my teacher doesn't know.

Mamma—Indeed! What is that?

"I know when the world is comin' to an end, and she doesn't. I asked her, and she said she didn't know."

"Oh! Well, who told you?"

"Uncle John. He said th' world would come to an end when childrens stopped askin' questions what nobody could answer."

The "Home Beautiful."

New York Weekly.

Fair Countess—I wish to get some rugs, something real artistic and æsthetic, you know, but I can't afford to pay a very high price.

Honest Dealer—Right this way. Here, madam, are some antique Turkish rugs just in from the factory. Take them home, smear 'em with grease and tobacco-juice, then wash them a little, dry them in an oven, lay them for three days in the sun, and they'll look as faded and antique as the genuine imported article costing ten times as much.

A Matter of Pride.

Good News.

Small Boy—I wanter take gas.

Dentist—It is not usual to administer gas for milk-tooth, my boy. It won't hurt but an instant.

"You've gotter gimme gas, or I won't have it pulled."

"You shouldn't be so afraid of being hurt. Now sit right up here, like a little man."

"I ain't 'fraid of bein' hurt. 'Taint that. I'm afraid I can't help givin' a screech when it comes out."

"That won't matter."

"Yes it will, too. All th' boys wot I've ever licked is waitin' under th' winder t' hear me holler."

A Sympathetic Jury.

New York Weekly.

First Female Juror (some years hence)—There seems to be no doubt that the prisoner, Mr. Handlecash, stole a hundred thousand from the company that employed him. Was he indulgent to his wife?

Second Female Juror—Yes, indeed. He gave her everything she wanted.

Third Female Juror—She had just a lovely time!—trips to Europe, Worth's dresses, opera-box, everything.

* * * * *

Verdict—We, the jury in the case of Mr. Handlecash, find that the prisoner was an over-indulgent husband, who should be reprimanded by the court, the company to pay the costs.

Take Cleveland or Nothing.

Minneapolis Tribune.

On the presidential question the Democratic party is in the position of the colored girl who, when invited by her escort to have something to drink, said she would take a little wine. "You'll take beer or nothin'," remarked her adorer, and—she took beer. The Democratic party will take Cleveland.

Scholarly.

Harper's Bazar.

Wagg—Smith, the baker, is a very scholarly person.

Quigley—Why so?

Wagg—He has a sign over his pie counter, "Such stuff as dreams are made of."